

IN APEX CANYON

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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After Huntly had got his sister aboard the Rocky Mountain Limited and comfortably settled in her section he looked about to see if by any chance there were any of his friends aboard to whom he might confide the care of his sister for the journey from Chicago to Denver. His eye fell on Maddox—big Jim Maddox of Cripple Creek and Seattle and Los Angeles, a mining argonaut who knew his west as a Boston girl does her Henry James.

A moment later Maddox's big fist was squeezing the blood out of the clubman's limp hand.

"By thunder, Huntly, but I'm glad to see you. Let me see—last time I saw you was on the dump of the Mollie K., out in God's country. 'Member the day I drove you up Son-of-a-Gun hill and sold you 5,000 shares in the James G. Blaine? We saw weather that day, young man. The blizzard sure did hit us on the way home. You on the way out there now?"

Huntly rescued a paralyzed hand before he ventured on explanations. "No, I'm seeing my sister started. She has just been well, and the doctors have ordered a complete change. We're sending her to Denver. It was the original plan that I should go with her, but I received a telegram this morning that the senior partner of our firm has died suddenly, and it is imperative that I should leave for New York at once. Would it be asking too much of you to see that she doesn't get too lonesome and that she makes connections with my aunt at Denver?"

"Well, I guess not. That's what I'm here for—to help out my friends when they need me. But I'm not much of a lady's man. Miss Huntly will have to take me in the rough."

Now, big hearted, breezy Jim Maddox was the very man to cheer a homesick girl who was traveling in search of health. He was as full of good spirits and wholesome energy as a Fourth of July is of noise. He had in his varied past experiences enough back of him to beggar romance, and he had the gift of breezy narration as few men have it. To be sure, he didn't know anything about young college graduates from Bryn Mawr, but as soon as he had seen Miss Huntly he was more than willing to learn.

Helen Huntly accepted the introduction with outward reserve and with inward doubt. She was tired, and she did not want to have to smile and look pleasant to this big, awkward man for two whole days. But Maddox did not know of the existence of either the doubt or the reserve. If he had, it wouldn't have mattered. His big brown hand came out and buried the little white one, and somehow the girl found herself less lonely when she looked into the honest, smiling, blue eyed face of this tanned stranger.

Before they had reached Rock Island she was congratulating herself on the good fortune that had made him her traveling companion. He was the most interesting man on her list, she decided. More strange adventures had fallen to his lot than to a dozen average men. He told his experiences quite simply and because she was interested in hearing them, not at all because he was proud of them. He seemed to have gathered into his personality the freedom and the breadth of about a dozen of the mountain states. He wasn't coarse in the least, but he was as unconventional as a Kansas cyclone in action. He tramped uncyclonically on her New England traditions with a vigor that would have shocked if it had not amused her. They simply did not exist for him; that was all.

The emotions of Jim Maddox were not a bit complex. When after two happy days he said goodby at the Union depot in Denver, where Miss Huntly's aunt met her, he had already made up his mind to marry her or know the reason why. As he phrased it to himself:

"You've struck the best vein of ore you ever unearthed, Jim Maddox, and if you don't follow it up you're the biggest fool in Arapahoe county."

He certainly followed it up, and if his mines at Cripple Creek required any great amount of personal attention during the next three weeks they must have suffered, for their owner openly and patently made it the business of his life to woo Miss Huntly. He organized picnics and excursions galore, and he always contrived to be the man who was paired off with her. Finally he induced a party of the older Miss Huntly's choosing to go camping in the mountains near a new mine he was developing.

As to Miss Huntly, Jr., her feelings were as a house arrayed against itself. She found herself falling into a greater liking than she cared to admit for this free and easy blond Hercules, and the nature of her liking did not approve itself to her judgment. She knew, of course, that he was in love with her, and the knowledge of it went delightful thrills to her heart, but afterward she would scourge herself for it. The things that had formerly seemed to her vital she began to find herself appraising by his unconventional standards, and all the instincts of her life training fought against the concessions to the western spirit. Even while the charm of his easy breadth fascinated her, the Puritan and the social instincts of the girl rebelled at accepting them. She liked immensely the frank equality that existed between him and his workmen, but she knew that such a relation would not be possible for a minute in the east. And, after all, she told her

self, she belonged to the east, at which point in her meditations Jim Maddox would perhaps arrive and set her heart hammering at his friendly audacities.

It was at a picnic up Apex canyon that the young mine owner declared himself. After luncheon he had taken her farther up the gulch to see a curious rock formation, and there, seated on a big rock in the shallow mountain stream, with the steep bluffs rising on each side of them, he had asked her to marry him.

"I'm not worthy of you by a thousand miles. I'm only a rough, self-made man with a sort of pick me up education. I don't suppose I'd know a Gainsborough from a Nattier if I saw them walking down the street together. I reckon I know the points of a cayuse, and I can tell pay ore when I see it, but that happens to be my business. So far as I can make it out, there's just one point in my favor—there couldn't any man love you more than I do, dear. I'll have to rest my case on that. I'd make you happy if it were in me."

Miss Huntly leaned forward and put her chin in her hand. Her gray eyes were troubled and her forehead furrowed. She looked quite cool, though her heart thumped madly.

"I'm ashamed of myself. I always thought that a girl ought to know her own heart. I have no patience with myself," she said.

"Do you mean?"

"I mean that I don't know, Mr. Maddox. I like you more than any man I ever met and in a different way, but I'm not sure that—"

From farther up the canyon there came a mighty roar. Maddox grew white beneath the tan. He gave the girl his hand and lifted her to her feet.

"Come, run for your life," he commanded hoarsely, and she, looking in his face, wondered at the sudden change.

They reached the bank and raced for the sides of the gorge that shut them in. Up the precipitous cliffs they clambered, his arm round her waist, clinging to scrub brush or flaming goldenrod, as chance happened. In another instant the great wall of water leaped into sight round the bend in the gorge and tore hungrily at them. Maddox felt the almost irresistible suction, but hung desperately to a slender quaking aspen with one hand while the other, still encircling the girl, clutched at a point of rock. The water caught fiercely at them, tore their footing from under them, beat against them with a force hardly to be denied. But Maddox knew the struggle was for the life he most valued on earth, for if the current once swept them away they would surely be beaten to pieces on the rocks.

"I can't hold on longer," she told him.

"You must," he bade her sternly.

"Just another minute, girl."

How long that minute was he never knew, but at last the water from the cloudburst had spent its force and fallen away from them. Together they worked slowly up the cliff to a great abutting rock, and on this the girl sat, almost fainting with fatigue and excitement. There was still a great fear in her face. She held her hands out to Maddox.

"Don't let me go. I am afraid," she said. Then again, shivering, "I am afraid, Jim."

His eyes shone. "It's all right now, Helen. The danger is past. I'll stand by you, little woman."

He put his arm around her and kissed her hair. She, still trembling, snuggled closer in his arms.

Watering Plants.

Watering is an exacting labor, and yet half of it is usually unnecessary. The reasons why it is unnecessary are two—the soil is so shallowly prepared that the roots do not strike deep enough; we waste the moisture by allowing the soil to become hard, thereby setting up capillary connection with the atmosphere and letting the water escape.

See how moist the soil is in spring. Mulch it so that the moisture will not evaporate. Mulch it with a garden rake, by keeping the soil loose and dry on top. This loose, dry soil is the mulch. There will be the moisture underneath. Save water rather than add it. Then when you do have to water the plants go at it as if you meant it. Do not dribble. Wet the soil clear through. Wet it at dusk or in cloudy weather. Before the hot sun strikes it renew your mulch or supply a much of fine litter. More plants are spoiled by sprinkling than by drought. Bear in mind that watering is only a special practice; the general practice is to so fit and maintain the ground that the plants will not need watering.—Country Life in America.

The Japanese Acrobat's Trick.

The little Japanese acrobat, in his short robe of black embroidered with gold dragons, walked slowly up the slanting wire cable to the very roof of the circus tent. There he paused a moment, and then—swish, swish, swish—he slid smoothly and gracefully down the steep wire to the ground. Elevating his voice above the loud applause, an old circus man said: "That sliding trick has never been learned by a European. It's a trick that the Japs alone do. If you watched our little friend you noticed that he always kept the wire between his big toe and the second toe. When he slid, the wire was between his toes. That is the way the Japanese learn to walk the wire, but we English and Americans can't learn to walk in that way because our toes have not the same suppleness and strength. Our toes, confined for generations in unsanitary, tight, heavy leather boots, have no muscle and no mobility. To slide down a wire requires well developed toes first of all. We, therefore, can't match the Japs in this showy, telling and difficult feat."—Philadelphia Record.

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[Chancery A-190.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey, between Emil S. Huitze, Jr. et al., complainants, and Howard J. Van Doren, et al., defendants. \$1.00, for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of September next, at two o'clock P. M., all those tracts or parcels of land and premises situated, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.

First Tract.—Beginning on the southeasterly corner of John D. Maxfield's land in the line of Newark avenue; thence running (1) in a southeasterly direction along said Maxfield's line eighty feet to land of Henry Richards; thence (2) northeasterly along said Richards's land eighty-six feet to Newark avenue; thence (3) along said Newark avenue sixty-two feet to the place of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to J. Frank Fort by the Sheriff of Essex County under the decree of the Court of Chancery in a suit wherein Henry Hamilton was complainant and Patrick McGowan was defendant and to said John F. Maxfield by deed recorded in Book B-2 of deeds for said Essex County on pages 488 and 489.

Second Tract.—Also all those tracts or parcels of land and premises in said township of Bloomfield, and contiguous to the last above described land, described as follows: Beginning at the rear or northeast corner of property belonging to Mrs. Caroline D. Davis, wife of Dr. Joseph A. Davis, and situated on Franklin street opposite the residence of David M. Day, and from this beginning point running (1) along the line of said land of Davis, and of the estate of John Taylor north forty-nine degrees west one hundred and sixty-seven feet to John G. Maxfield's line; thence (2) along his line north thirty-eight degrees and fifty minutes east one hundred and thirty-seven feet six inches; thence (3) still along his line north twenty-three degrees and thirty minutes east sixty feet and nine inches; thence (4) along the line of said John F. Maxfield north sixty-six degrees and forty-five minutes east two hundred and thirty-three feet to the centre of Newark avenue; the said avenue having a width of sixty-six feet; thence (5) along the line of said Newark avenue south eighty-eight degrees and thirty minutes east one hundred and four feet; thence (6) from said centre line of Newark avenue south thirty-four degrees and forty-five minutes west four hundred and forty-eight feet four inches to the beginning; together with all the rights of the said party to the first part in and to the said land and premises.

Third Tract.—Also all that tract beginning at the northeast corner of the heretofore described land at a point two hundred and twenty-three feet five inches distant from the northeast corner of the first above described land and thence running (1) north eighty-eight degrees and one-half degrees west two hundred and twenty-three feet five inches to the place of beginning. Containing one and fifteen hundredths acres of land more or less, together with all the right, title and interest of the party of the first part in and to the said land and premises abutting upon the lands hereby conveyed. Being the same lands and premises conveyed to the said The Bloomfield and Montclair Crystal Ice Company by J. H. E. Maxfield and Mary C. his wife, by deed bearing date the twenty-ninth day of July in the year eighteen hundred and ninety, and recorded in the office of the Register of Essex County in Book K-25 of deeds for said county on page 159-160.

Together with the buildings thereon erected with all the fixtures, machinery, boilers, engines, tanks, cans, scales, shafting, pulleys and all tools and appurtenances of every kind and description owned and used by the said The Bloomfield and Montclair Crystal Ice Company of the date of the giving of said mortgage in and about its business upon the said premises, and also all the estate, right, title, interest, property possession, claim and demand whatsoever as well in law as in equity of the said company of, in and to the same and every part thereof, together with all and singular the emoluments, income and advantages thereunto belonging and in any wise appertaining.

Newark, N. J., August 17, 1903.

Edward A. J. WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.

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FUNERALS IN GREECE.

They Are Somewhat of a Shock to the American Tourist.

"One thing sure to shock the American tourist is a Greek funeral," said a recently returned traveler. "It is a spectacle which most persons of convention governed decency desire to avoid, because the body of the dead is exposed in an open hearse. The coffin is shallow, so that not only the face and head, but the hands and much of the body, can be seen from the sidewalk as the procession moves through the streets."

"The lid of the coffin, frequently richly upholstered and decorated with garlands and wreaths, is carried on the hearse by the undertaker. The priest, the relatives and other mourners follow, and as the ghastly spectacle moves along it is customary for bystanders to remove their head gear and cross themselves."

"In the Athens cemeteries graves are rented for a term of years, just like the habitations of the quick. Only the wealthy own burial lots. This is invariably an evidence of wealth or aristocracy. The poor seldom dream of buying a lot or tomb. Such purchase would be deemed among them an unnecessary luxury."

"At the end of the term for which a grave is rented the bones are dug up, placed in a bag, labeled with the name and date and deposited in a general receptacle."—New York Herald.

Rewards For Lost Property.

"More lost and stolen articles would be recovered if the losers would adopt different methods in advertising for their property," said a headquarters detective the other day. "Of course honest persons do not haggle over the remuneration for returning a pocket, a dog or anything else. But every one is not built along those lines. It may sound very nice to say, 'Liberal reward if returned to owner,' but there are different ideas of liberality. The sum usually dwindles in the mind of the owner when he sees his property before him, and no one knows this better than the finder."

"It is far more effective to set forth a definite sum in the advertisement. Five or twenty-five dollars means more than a vague promise to be real generous. Of course there are cases when it is not wise to be too explicit, but in nine cases out of ten a stated sum will bring better results than an indefinite offer. This is nearly always true with watches with the owner's monogram engraved on the case, as the pawnbroker refuses to loan so much on articles so easily identified."—New York Press.

Read Less, Think More.

The average person of so called culture who has leisure to read reads too much and thinks too little, and in consequence his conversation lacks freshness and spontaneity. An exchange, after saying that people generally read too much and read more than they carry, tells a story of a man who had been a great reader, but had changed his ways, and people, after he read less, finding him much more interesting, exclaimed: "How entertaining John was today! He must have been reading a good deal."

More reading is a waste of time. To conduce to intelligence the reader must train the mind to concentration on the subject in hand, and to concentration must be added the effort to clothe and transmit thought in appropriate phrase.

The Sailors' Psalm.

How many people—landsmen, at all events—are aware that one of the Psalms is often called the sailors' psalm? It is of course Psalm cvii, wherein occur the beautiful and familiar words, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters—these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." The psalm is usually read as part of the simple services which take place on Sundays on ships at sea. For that reason it is known as the sailors' psalm.—London Chronicle.

The Road to Success.

It is well for the young man to remember that if he finishes his education as a skilled farmer or stockman or fruit grower there are plenty of places open waiting for him at good pay, while if he becomes a minister, lawyer or doctor he may have to hunt long and far to find a place and wait long before a good living is assured.—Rockford Register.

The Retort Courteous.

Smart Passenger—Here, conductor, is my fare. I had no desire to beat the company, but I thought I would just see if I could fool you by getting busy with this newspaper.

Conductor—I saw you, but you looked as if you needed information a good deal worse than the company needs money, so I just let you read.—Baltimore American.

As It Was Printed.

There is one woman poet in New York who will read proof carefully until the edge of a recent error wears off. She spent two days on a touching poem, the pivotal line of which read:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.

When the printer finished with it the line read:

My soul is a light-housekeeper.

Not Encouraging.

"Do you know," remarked the pessimist, "I think I have experienced every kind of hard luck on the list except hanging."

"Well, you shouldn't be discouraged," remarked the optimist. "Remember the old adage, 'While there is life there is hope.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—Bulwer Lytton.

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